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THE GOLF GIRL



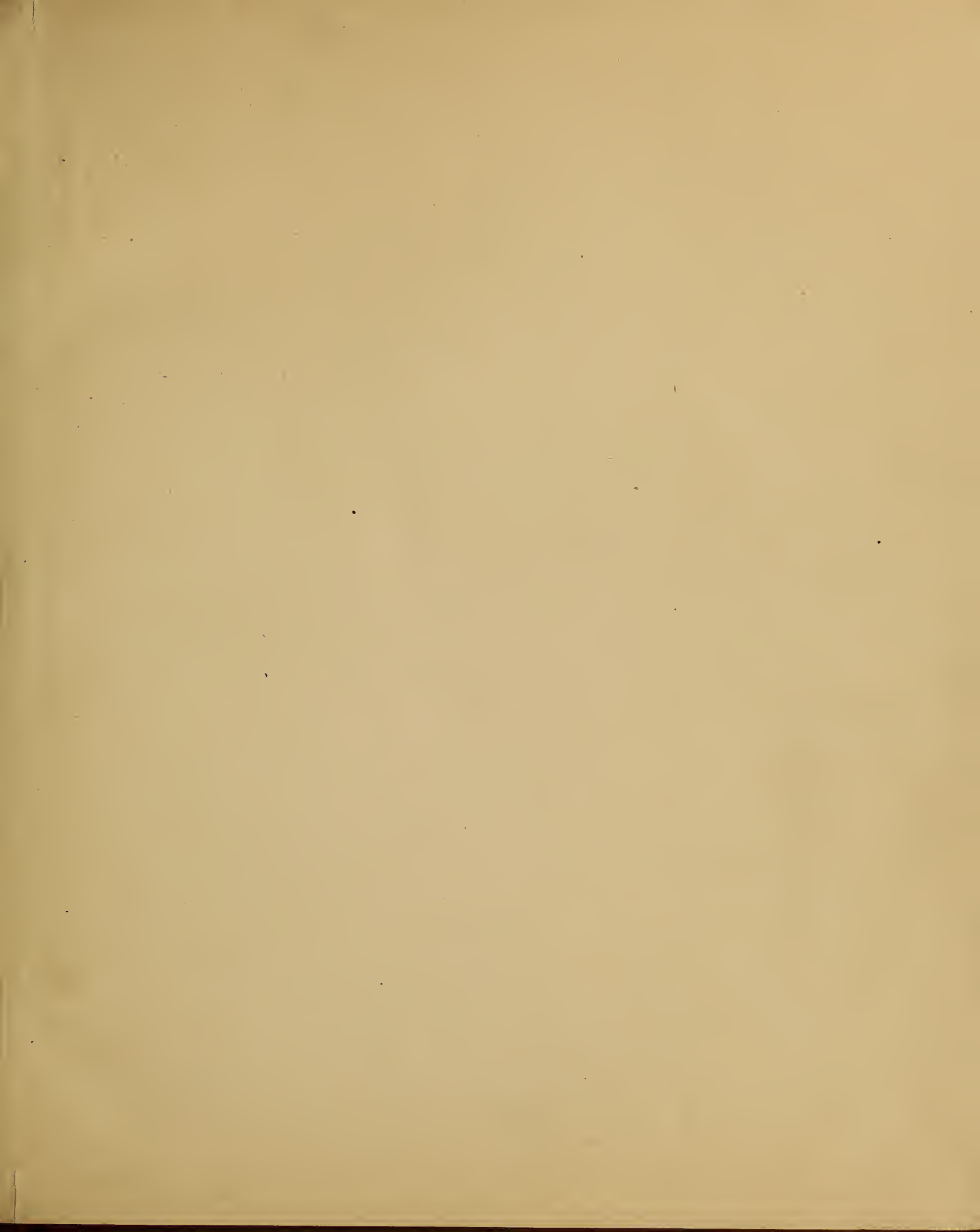
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THE GOLF GIRL





The
G O L F
G I R L

Illustrations by
M A U D. H U M P H R E Y

Verses by
S A M U E L M I N T U R N P E C K

Author of "Cap and Bells," "Rings
and Love Knots," "Rhymes
and Roses," etc.



New York
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
Publishers

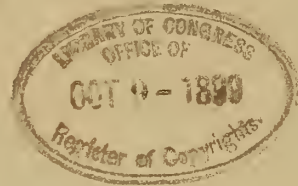


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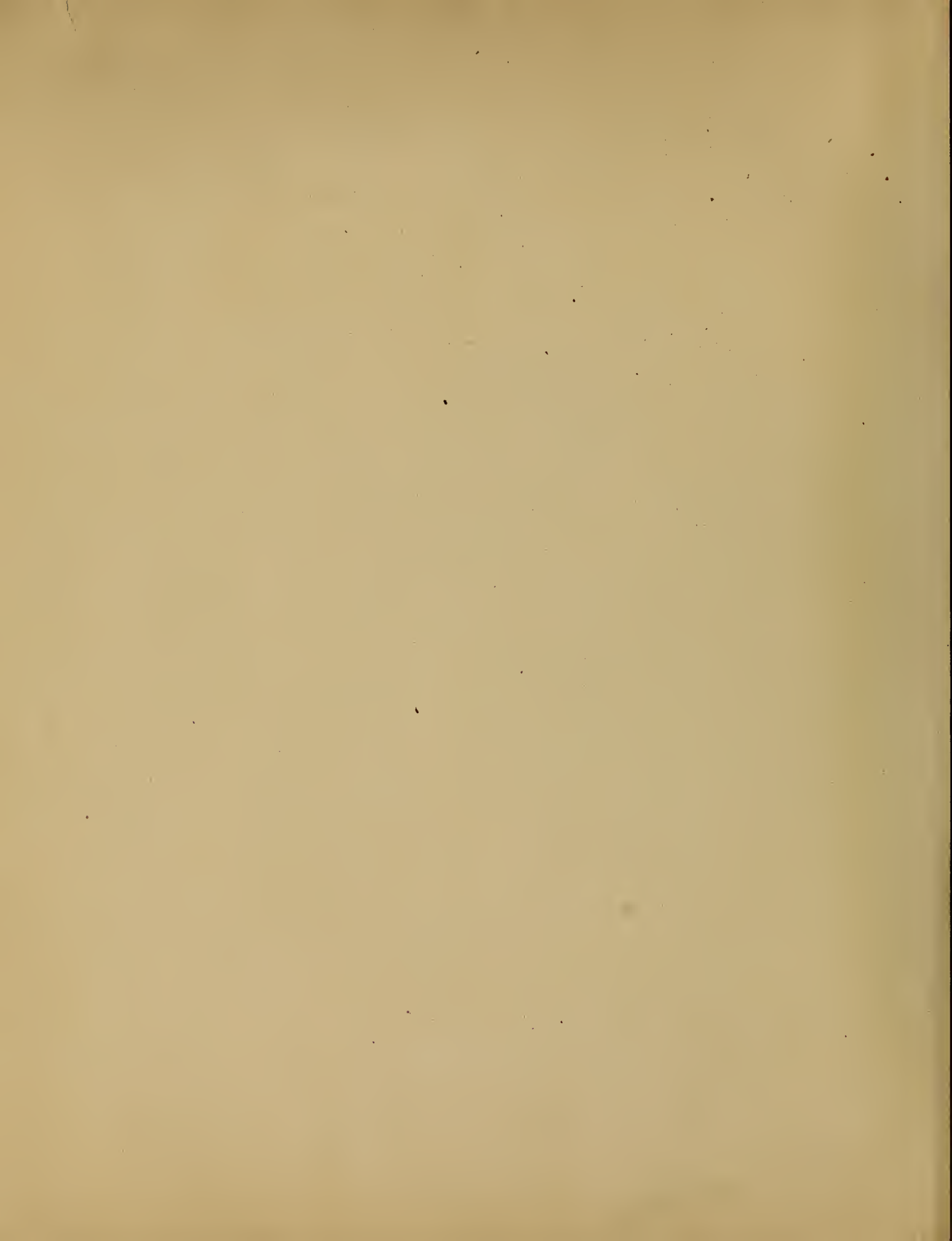
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Oct. 5. 99.

Rondeau

THE Golf Girl, Sirs, I sing to you;
Her sun-ripe cheeks, her eyes like dew.
No Amaryllis in the shade
Of beechen boughs—no nymph e'er strayed
In Arcady as fair—or true.

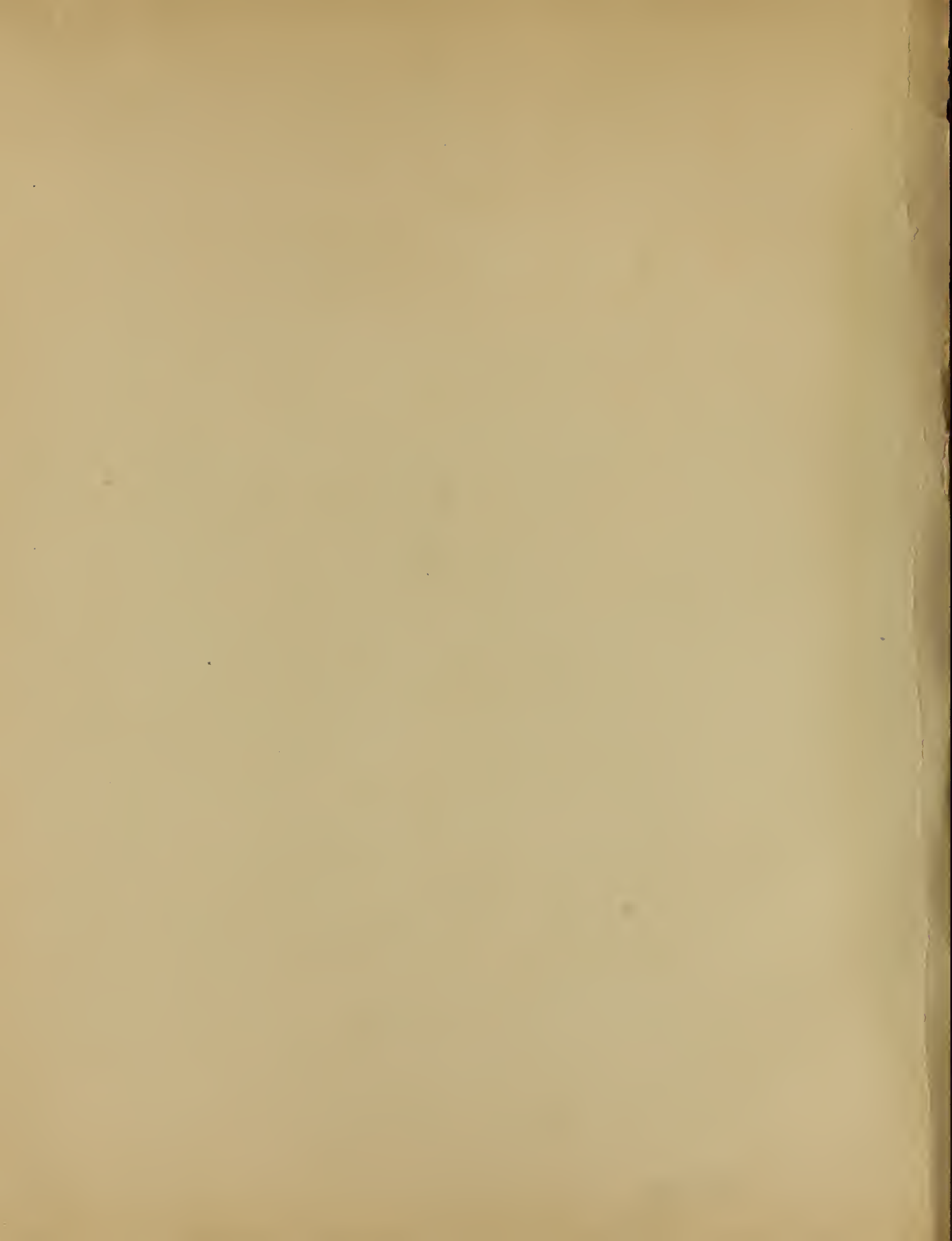
The world desired a woman new—
The curtain's up. Advance and view,
In hale and simple charm arrayed,
The Golf Girl.

The brightest, best of Beauty's crew,
In winsomeness she works no rue
As she on Seton's links who played—
How Mary Stuart's charm would fade
Before the sweetest ever blew,
The Golf Girl!





Marie Hamilton - 18



Prologue

ALL hail to Golf! A minstrel's glee
Its royal praise would sing.
By lilting bird and mellow bee
He tuned his loyal string;
And now upon the rolling lea
With golfing flags afloat,
Ah, happy prove the minstrelsie
He wakes with merry throat.

What sport more worth a singer's art,
Or claims a sweeter lay,
Than Golf, whose charms ensnare the heart
Of goldilocks and grey;
That lures the merchant from the mart,
The bookman from his Greek,
And gives a point to Cupid's dart
When Beauty swings a cleek!

The bonnie game that crossed the foam
To be our winsome guest,
We'll never let it wander home—
We'll keep it in the West.
The turf above Columbia's loam
As blithely greets the ball;
For bunkers, cups—what need to roam?
And hazards—we've them all.

All hail to Golf! Its blisses' flow
Nor heat nor cold restrain:
Be weather glasses high or low,
We "tee" and drive again.
No wind that pipes can work us woe
With clubs and caddies off.

When blossoms blow,—across the snow,
There is no game like Golf!

And so for Scotia let us twine
A wreath in grateful joy
Who gave to men such rapture fine
To chase the world's annoy,
To deck the cloud with silver line
Whate'er the weird we dree;
A garland for the golfer's shrine,
St. Andrews by the sea!

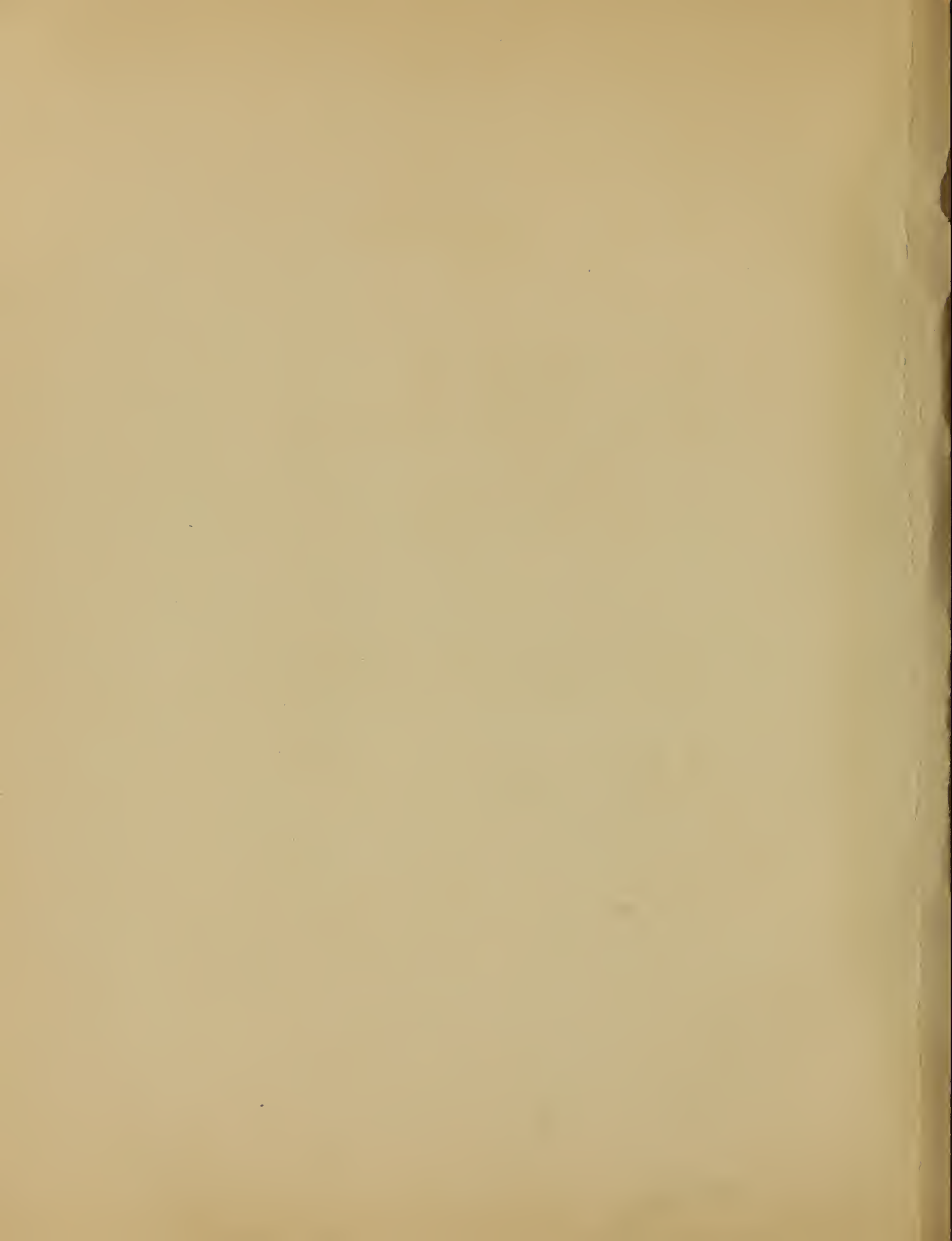
A Lucky Drive

OFT at croquet I'd seen her play
Till gloaming lured the light away;
And mused the while her face grew
trist
As fortune failed her flexile wrist;
If arch defied
Her skill, yet I'd
A heart her glance had never missed.

At tennis I had deemed her fair;
And memory shrined her jaunty air
As o'er the grass with laughter sweet
She chased the ball on flying feet,
And Cupid in
Her dimpled chin
Had often set my heart a-beat.



54 - H. H. H. 1895 -



And when she sculled her fairy boat
I oft had watched her tresses float,
And envied much the happy stream
Whose bosom caught her beauty's gleam,
 And wondered why
 It let it die—
The face that made me dream—and dream.

With woman's art she kept it off—
My wooing—till we went to golf;
But when the wild breeze tossed a curl
That mocked and becked—with brain a-whirl
 I drove away,
 And won that day
Life's dearest prize, my golfing girl.

Love Upon the Links

“**W**HERE hath the saucy urchin fled,
 He with the pack of darts?
 A blessing on his tricky head,
 Despite his aches and smarts!”
Thus quoth upon the street of late
A greybeard strange. I viewed his pate:
“Now, are you Rip Van Winkle's mate?
 Why, Cupid's on the links!”

The old man leaned upon his staff
And sadly gazed at me;
And though I felt inclined to laugh,
My pity hushed my glee:
Perchance he was an ancient beau,
This man that moved my pity so,
And deaf—so I repeated slow:
“Cupid’s—on—the links!”

The greybeard’s head began to swim,
He trembled—tottered—sat.
As I revealed the facts to him,
I fanned him with my hat:
“Ah, Time hath ridden with a spur;
Things are not now as once they were.
Once Cupid tripped a carpet, sir,—
Now Cupid’s on the links.

“Fair fingers now grown muscular,
Their clasp is like a vise;
And eyes that glisten like a star
Are not afraid of mice.
All artifice is out of style,
No borrowed blush now tints a smile.
’Tis sunburnt dimples that beguile,—
Cupid’s on the links.

“Oh, by and by we’ll take a stroll
And view him on the green.
His cunning face is just as droll,
The slyest ever seen.
His chubby legs are bare and tanned;
The gayest of the golfing band,
No gallant can his darts withstand
When Cupid’s on the links.”

To a Lost Ball

(Lover loquitur.)

LITTLE Ball, you hid!
Don't deny it, for you did;
Truth is best.

We sought you yesterday,
Like a needle in the hay,
East and West.

Yet at morning—here you are!
Just beneath a daisy star,
Beaming bright;

And you look at me and smile
Quite innocent of guile
In the light.

Did you watch us all the time?
Oh, the impudence sublime,
Fancy now!

Did you catch each whispered word
That I uttered passion-stirred?
Well, I vow!

And you think, you saucy Ball,
'Tis to you I owe it all?
Answer quick.

The ruse was not unkind;
If you claim it, I don't mind—
You're a "brick!"

Let Science look disdain,
There are balls endowed with brain—
You are one.

So shrewdly to surmise
A proposal in my eyes—
Wasn't it fun?

Love unspoken on my lip,
Though I sighed to let it slip .
Could I speak

With a rival standing nigh?
How I longed to lay him by
With a cleek!

But misfortune drifted past,
I told my love at last,
Thanks to you;

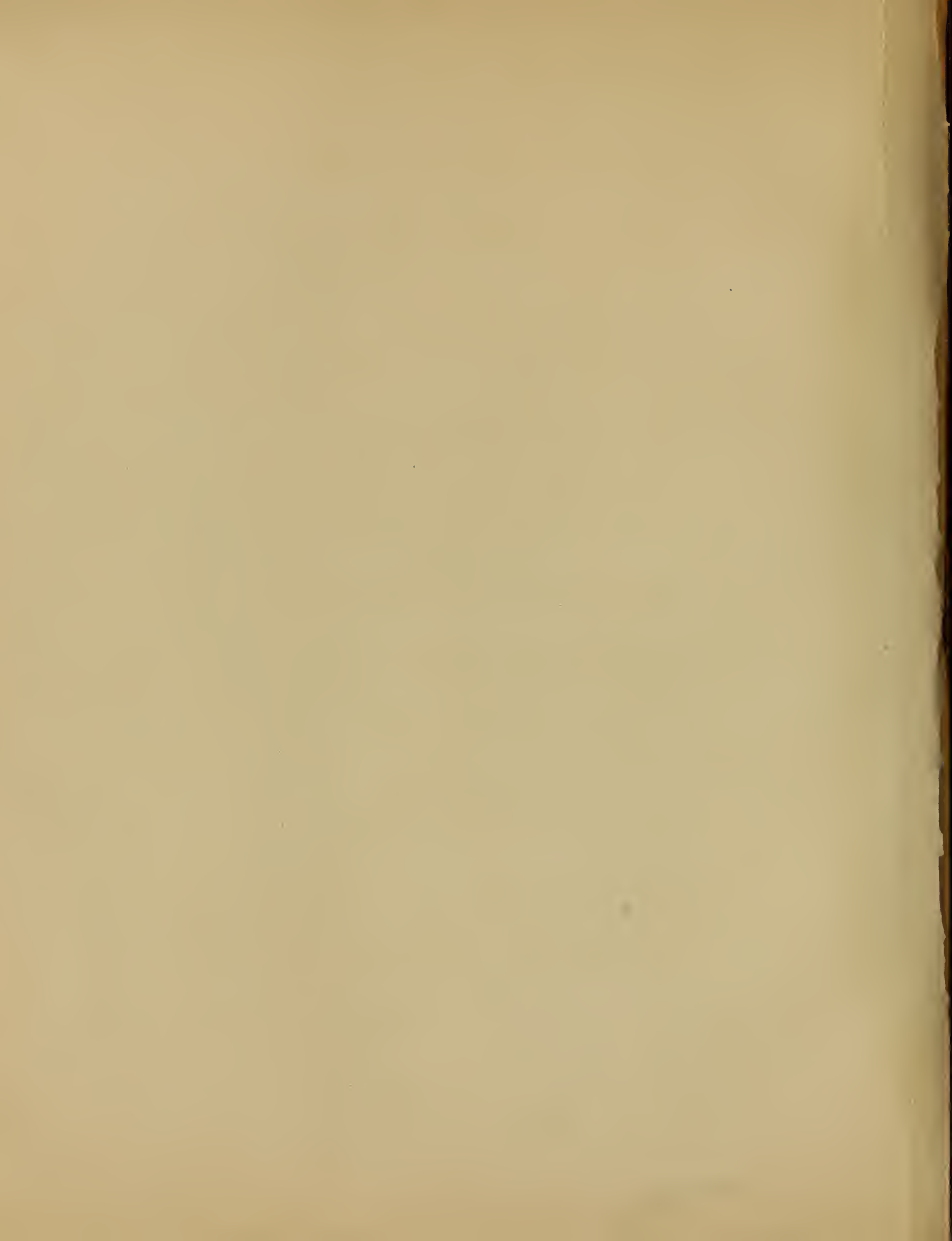
And I read my fate aright
In my little lassie's bright
Eyes of blue.

*The Lassie That Swiped
With a Cleek*

HER eyes were the hue of the heather
That moonlight hath dipt in the
dew;
Her smile like a beam in bad weather,
That breaks from the storm-prisoned blue;
And the day we went golfing together,
From the scroll of the past shines unique;
In my memory afar,
Like an ill-fated star,
Its lustre no language can speak.



M. J. ...



How winsome and bright was her chatter
Until we came up to the tee!
The topics we treated, what matter,
Her smile only blossomed for me:
And I thought could I only look at her
Forever, e'en heaven were bleak;
But when through the air,
She drove the ball fair,
I saw that she swiped with a cleek!

I recall we were playing at singles,
And none but the caddies were nigh.
But—alas! how the bitter commingles—
Soon a stranger—to me—loitered by!
He lingered—and wrathfully tingles
My blood as I think of his “cheek,”
Admiring her stance,
Or exchanging a glance
With the lassie that swiped with a cleek.

It nettled me so—this intrusion—
My clubs—wooden, iron, and brass—
I mixed in a hapless confusion
No madman could hope to surpass.
If my ankles escaped a contusion,
I owed it to luck, in my pique,
As he laughed in his glee
When she holed out in three,
The lassie that swiped with a cleek.

A passion 'tis idle to utter
If no one will lend you a look
Defiance 'twere feeble to mutter
As I sought for my ball in a brook.

But, oh, how I longed for a shutter,
And a hospital bed for the freak
Who laughed so elate
At my bunkersome fate
With the lassie that swiped with a cleek !
But enough. When the sun had descended,
And the links by long shadows was cros't,
I found with the game that had ended
That more than one match I had lost.
Not with me but another she wended;
And the varlet whose sorrow I seek,
He captured—the wag—
Both the heart, and the bag
Of the lassie that swiped with a cleek !

Epilogue

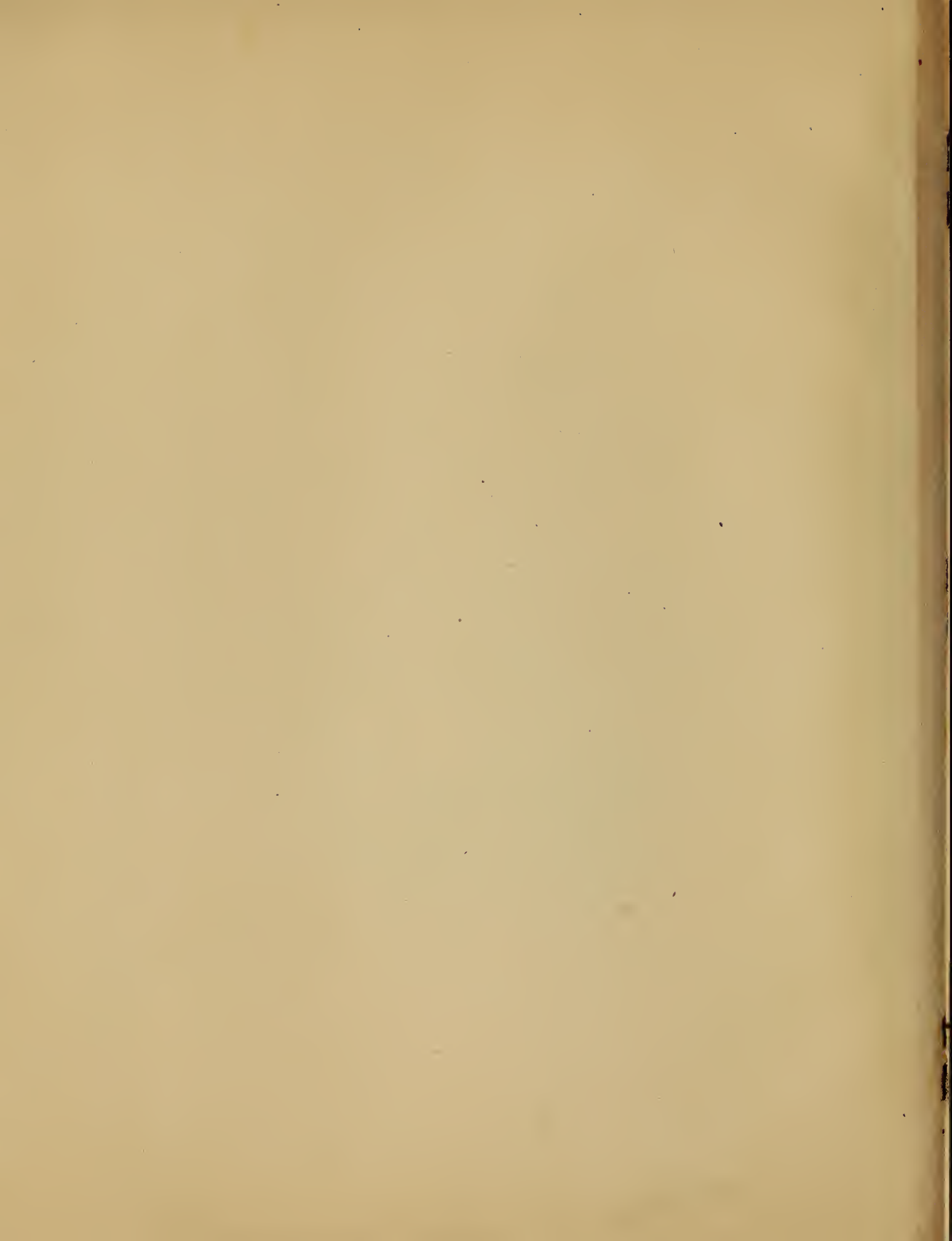
“GOOD-BYE to Golf?” Good lack, sir,
Your wits have gone to wool !
Mayhap your brain is mirky
With goblets wide and full.
Alas, poor foolish laddie,
I trow your sober head
Will drive you hame to bide in shame,
And wish that you were dead.
“Good-bye to Golf—” St. Andrew,
Whom golfing folk revere,
I greatly fear in heaven
Hath dropt a pious tear
To think on earth should breathe now
A swain with faith so dim;
“Good-bye to Golf?” Go pray it off,
And make your peace with him.

“Good-bye to Golf—” Blasphemer !
I tremble when you’re nigh,
For fear a bolt of thunder
May swipe us from the sky.
Such wickedness a pest, sir,
May bring upon the town:
“A jest,” you say ? Recall it, pray,
Ere outraged Justice frown.

“Good-bye to Golf—” Ah, surely,
You murmur in your sleep;
Some spiteful fairy spells you,
With baneful wand a-sweep.
The links—who ever left them
Without a loyal sigh ?
Then think how sad his lot who had
To bid a long good-bye!

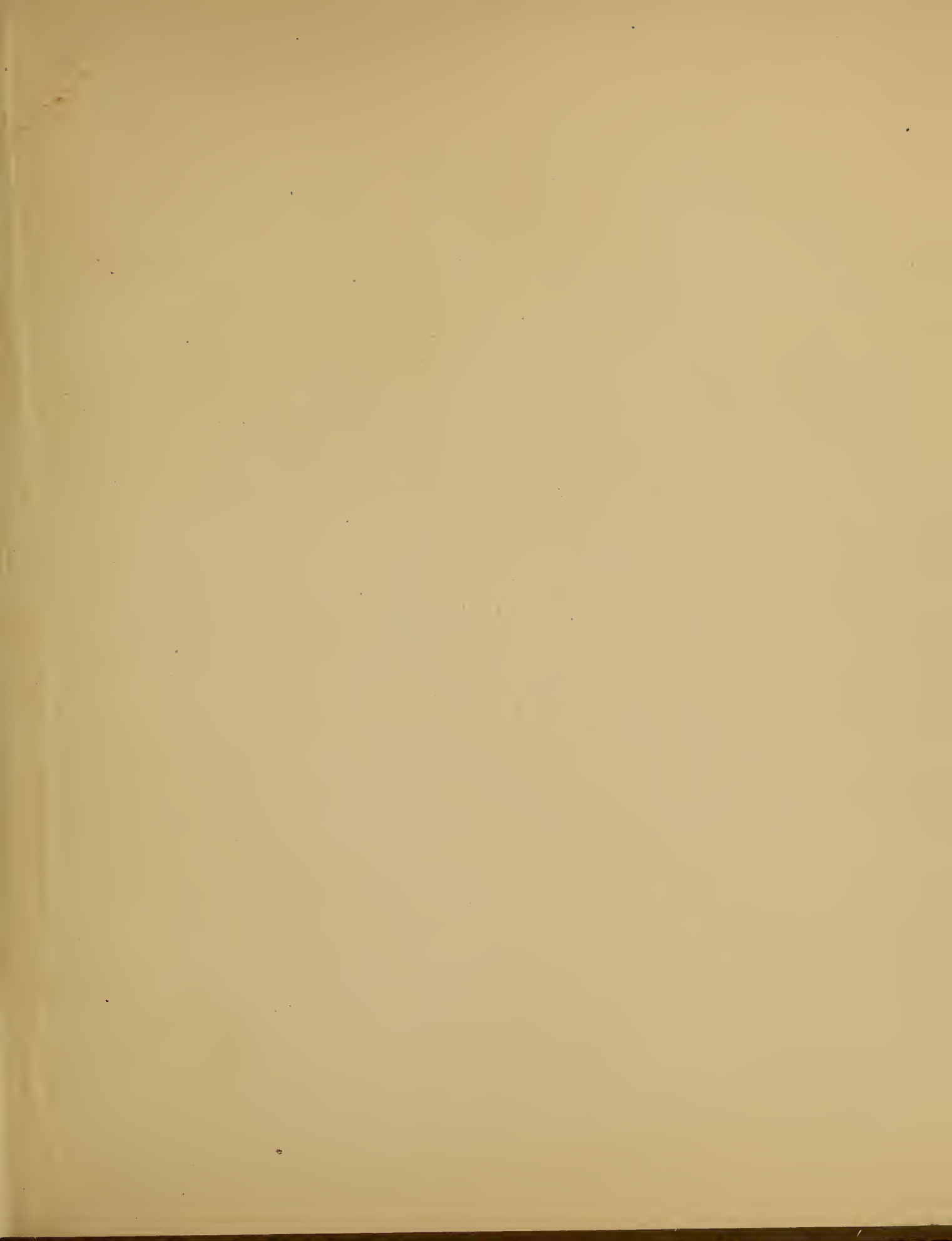
“Good-bye to Golf?”—Oh fie, sir !
’Tis *au revoir* we say,
And clubs at night lay by, sir,
To bide the morrow’s ray.
The bonnie balls, forever
We’ll drive them in our bloom:
And on the happy Golfing Grounds
We’ll “tee” beyond the tomb !



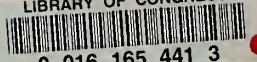




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